## Where I'm From Poem

By: Allyson Montgomery

I am from soup beans and cornbread at mammaw's.
I am from Gunsmoke on New Years and Bluegrass music.
I have had burnt coffee and inhaled a whole peanut butter pie

I am from getting soaking wet while enduring water gun fights with my family,
And steam from a fresh pot of folgers.
I am from a homemade Cedarwood box full of memories
I am from good teachers and Ford trucks starting in the morning
I have felt the water from my baptism.
I am from sticky s'mores eaten around the bonfires in late fall.

I am from kindlin in a blazing furnace on Christmas.

I am from stories told from grandparents. Of trials and tribulations, defeat and success.

I am from good friends, good family and good country life.

## Where I'm From Poem

By: Christian Bowling

I am from Bowlingville.

I am from the screaming of the rook games.
I am from Caddis and Gary Wayne.
I am from church dominating at Bible drills.

I am from the cows mooing all day long.

I am from my Grannies homemade cooking which smells so good.

I am from my favorite apple tree dropping apples all day long.

I grabbed the preachers arm while he baptized me.

I am from the taste of hose water that my family drenched me with.

I am a child of God.
I am from a great life.

## Where I'm From

#### by Autumn Davidson

I am from tall weeds in the garden
From the dirt in the yard (That I play in every summer day)
I am from the smell of warm chocolate brownies in the oven
From pancakes and syrup and butter and chocolate chips in the morning

I am from the taste and smell of grandma's amazing chicken and dumplings From the taste of homemade cookies and Little Debbie cakes I am from the sound of birds chirping and 4-wheeler engines roaring From the smell of grass and the sight of ladybugs outside.

I am from Carly's talks that go on and on forever
The sound of school bells and loud sister screams and mothers demands
I am from the swoosh of the basketball in the hoop
From the sight of beautiful fireworks and the American Flag in the air on the Fourth of July

I am from church food to school lunch to midnight snacks
The smell and taste of salty ocean water and the hot sand burning my feet
I am from the taste of chocolate, dark, white, milk any kind!
From the taste of juicy green dill pickles.

I am from the slurping of noodles at the dinner table From the fun of swimming in the large round pool SPLASH! We all jump in.

From the clippity clop of horses tramping around at Carly's and her grandparents house.

I am from memorizing the Preamble in social studies class From remembering all my multiplication facts. 2x2=4 7x8=56 4x7=28 9x3=27 I am from using literary techniques in my poetry writing assignments. Word play,alliteration,simile,metaphor,hyperbole,idiom,and onomatopoeia.

I am from Easter eggs hidden behind books and vases and under blankets and coats galore From big boxes under the beautifully pink lit tree every Christmas morning. Presents!!! I am from watching my sister run around with our two grey cats that follow us everywhere we go Ouch! From crawdads in the creek that pinch my toes

From jumping in the cold water of the lake and losing a flip flop (brrrr)
From amazing history!
I am happy.
I am satisfied.

I am from Stacey and Charles
From Claudia and Bobby
From Eva and Timothy
I am from Kentucky
And I Couldn't Be Happier.

# Where I'm From By: Callie Smallwood

I am from the sound of laughter
I am from the smell of coconut perfume
The trees rattling in the wind
And the dirt between my toes

I am from Cow Creek
I am from Amber and Junior
The clock ticking in the silence of the room
The smell of flowers that bring me to spring

I am from the sound of paddles that rise her up
The beating of her new heart
I am from the dirt in my mouth
The barking of my dog

I feel the fur of my dog
The clicks of her waking on the floor
I am from the seeing of animals in the yard
I am from feeding the animals that walk around me

## Where I'm From

## By: Carlie Smith

I'm from Carrie Renna and Travis Irvine
The dirt in Vincent
I'm from my Mamaw Violet's apple pie and dumplings
Her old blue broom that I called lil' old Blue
I'm from the metal mouth club of cold braces and brackets against my lips.

I'm from the smell of my horses the smell of vinegar on my dog At least she doesn't smell like a sweaty dog I'm from that old gym floor and the smell of popcorn The smell of coffee in the morning.

I'm from the taste of 5 oreos at 10:00 in the night

The taste of a Little Debbie Fancy Cakes behind the couch at 1:00 am
I'm from the taste of a ladybug in the tub

The taste of my third cupcake "I think I'm sick".

I'm from the feel of the wind go by my arm when I throw a strike
The softness of my dog Anna's fur
I'm from the tug of the fishing line "PA PA" I think I got a big one
The coldness of the lake water "Just jump in!" my daddy said.

I'm from the beautifulness of the country
The glimmer of the pool water at Meme and Pa's
I'm from the glob of GROSS that we're forced to eat at school YUK
The smoke of the taco meat in Meme's kitchen.

I'm from the sound of the ball hit the catcher's glove
The sound of the ball hit the court and swoosh the net
I'm from the piter pater of Oreo, Sugerbabe, Prince, and Dollars hoofs hit the ground
The squeak of Anna's chew toy when she bites down.

I'm a small town girl who couldn't be happier

### Where I'm From

By: Gary Lewis

I am from Kentucky
I moved from Tennessee when I was 5
I am from Sandy and Dale.
I am from growing up with 5 brothers and sisters
And doing chores before we eat supper.

I am from my mom's fried chicken.

And the taste of apple juice
I am from roses blooming in the summer.

And the sound of the water rushing down the river.

I am from our family garden And growing our vegetables. I am from going fishing at the river with my dad. I am from the green needles of the pine trees.

I am from Fish Creek Loop.
I am from the sound of the goats crying for hay.
I am from the long winters and drinking hot chocolate
I am from the smell of coffee my dad drinks all day long

I am from the taste of whipped cream on the strawberry pie that my mother baked I am family vacations every summer I am from chopping wood in the summer for long winter firewood I am from the Appalachian mountains

## Where I Come From

By: Katie Beth Lucas

I come from John 3:16.

I come from Amazing Grace and Warrens Chapel Stars.

I come from a loving family that supports me through and through.

I come from Saturday morning pancakes with sweet sweet syrup.

I come from rattling pots and pans in the kitchen.

I come from noisy cows, dogs and a horse outside my window.

I come from Granny's peanut butter fudge that melts in your mouth.

I come from the bounce of the basketball to the quietness of the track shoe.

I come from the strum of my red guitar.

I come from smooth ski slopes.

I come from traveling to and fro.

This is where I come from, I'm Blessed!

#### Where I'm From

By: Shelby Murray

I'm from Keith and Amy Murray.

I'm from Booneville, Fish Creek Loop, and a church that cares a lot about me.

I'm from John 3:16 that I can recite myself.

From a preacher and a Sunday school teacher.

I'm from hearing my Daddy rake leafs on a fall day.

And hearing Daddy shovel snow on a cold winter day.

I'm from tasting the good brownies me and my mommy make.

From feeling the fuzzy warm carpet I feel when I wake up.

I'm from fresh tasty vegetables from the garden in the summer.

I'm from amazing family vacations every summer.

From annual easter egg hunts at mamaws house.

I'm from hearing a basketball bounce since I was little.

From the lil lady owls and a winning basketball team.

I'm from Owsley County Elementary where I learned to read and write.

I'm from a teaching big sister that taught me how to swim.

From a trusting good family I am very blessed!!!!!!